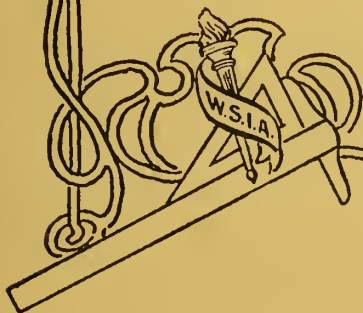


A decorative border made of stylized, flowing lines that frame the central text. The lines are more complex at the corners, forming knot-like or scroll-like shapes. At the bottom left, the border incorporates a logo featuring a torch and the letters 'W.S.I.A.'. At the bottom right, there is a small circular stamp.

THE WILMERDING LIFE

MARCH, 1912



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7, P. 8

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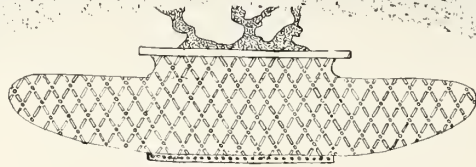
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POST AND GRANT AVENUE

The
Wilmerding Life

March, 1912

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The Wilmerding Life

VOL. IX.

MARCH, 1912.

NO. 3

The Sin of Pegraleinus

HOMER H. SOSSO, '12.

The next month was one of delight for me. The customs, speech and mode of living, of the Sartians, all deeply interested me. During this time I made a thorough study of the agricultural means of the Sartians. The soil is of a light, loamy character, so plowing is unnecessary. The seed is thrown upon the ground and tramped in by the feet of the field men. Every year a fresh layer of sediment is deposited upon the fields by means of the water in the ditches. The only tools used are a hoe, spade, and a long handled implement resembling an adze. All these are made of stone; clumsy articles, but answering the purpose they are laboriously made for. The tools of the father are the tools of the son; to break one means everlasting misfortune. In some of the huts, upon the wall, hang various implements which have become obsolete, but have been preserved for twenty generations.

The fields are all irrigated, each one being divided off into sections by ditches wherein the water runs. On the sides of the ditches are walls from which the cultivating and reaping is done. The grain crop was just ready to gather, while most of the vegetable fields had been stripped. Grains, vegetables, and fruits which grew on vines or shrubs, were the staple products. Considering the cold climate the produce is of a remarkably good quality.

The fields are placed on the outside of the main circular plain. Roads run in radial lines from the plain, dividing the fields into great quadrilaterals, which are subdivided by cross roads. All the roads and the walls are laid out with a geometrical precision showing a knowledge of surveying and engineering. The water ditches are connected by stone troughs stretching across the roads. The entire valley had become covered to a great depth with a deposit of sediment washed from the surrounding cliffs during the ages. The Sartians had cleared this away from the portions used as roads and plain, and had built stone walls to keep it in place. The great quantities of rock used had been gathered from the base of the cliffs; at this time, not a stone or pebble is to be found on the ground. They were finally required to break rocks off the face of the cliff, which is in some places of slate. As rock is the only material they have to use, it is as valuable to them as iron is to us.

There is no regular form of government in Sartia. Erios acts as ruler and with the aid of a council of ten makes all laws and decisions. Their word is absolute and final, every man being called upon to assist them in punishing the guilty. There is, however, little call to punish anyone, for the entire community live in a state of amity. I was surprised by the total absence of crime of any sort among the people. The people are divided into three classes; those engaged in agriculture are known as field folk, those hunting or herding the animals, as hill folk, and those in building or like occupation, the plain folk. About one-half of the people are field folk; of the remainder only a few are plain folk. All are on an equal footing in social matters, the only difference being in the occupation. Everyone has his choice of trade, but the children are usually trained to follow their parents' trade.

The religion is of a strange character. The real god is known as Dro, but is usually referred to as God, in the same manner as we refer to the Almighty. Although they do not worship the sun, moon, winds, and other natural forces, they believe that Dro appoints his helpers to govern the action of these bodies, and they appeal to these minor gods to intercede with Him for them. No human sacrifice or sacrifice of blood is made, nor is food left within the temples, which by the way contain no idols. Five feasts are held in honor of the gods, the most important one comes just after the sowing of the crops. This is held, as Erios explained, "to insure the reaping of a good crop and in thanks for the blessings received during the past season."

All the ceremonies are impressive and carried out in a dignified manner. But to me, the grandest of all is the evening song. To see the multitude crowded upon the wall; to see that last ray of sunshine as it strikes the top bar of the sundial; to hear that mighty chorus go rolling heavenward, all this is in its solemn simplicity a wonderful spectacle.

My investigations soon came to an end, for in less than a week a messenger came from Erios to request my presence at his temple. I immediately complied, being eager to get information on several points. I felt that if I got Erios to talk I would have the curtain which concealed the past of this strange race thrust aside, and undoubtedly discover certain facts that would solve many questions which had puzzled my colleagues and many other eminent archaeologists.

As I faced my host, I saw from his grave manner, that the meeting was to be of a serious character and that my questions would most likely have to wait.

"If I have seemed too inconsiderate, you must excuse me, as I have been in conference with my master Dro," he commenced.

I looked surprised, as this reference to a human god was entirely different from the rest of the religious rites and customs of the people. Besides, Erios had so impressed me as having too much common sense to believe in a material god, so that this unexpected announcement gave me a decided shock.

Erios noted my surprise but interpreted it wrongly.

"You are wondering why I have called upon you to hear this," he said, "but it is because He has spoken of you, calling you His messenger and our deliverer. But first I must ask you many questions about your land and of what you call the world."

This was another shock to me. Could it be that this wonderful being before me was but a mere faker, hiding a mean and common character by his skillful acting? Could it be that to further his own selfish plans, he was desirous of using me as his tool, and that this pretended message was but an excuse to deceive me? But, no, it was too incredible. I had been in close companionship with this man, and never had he failed to live up to my highest standard of character. My faith in him was unbroken. Perhaps he had but dreamed all this, or had been visited by one of those strange illusions that a few selected mortals are granted. So, with a clear conscience, I prepared to answer Erios' questions.

A long and tedious afternoon was spent explaining and answering, until I believed that Erios was as well versed as I in the ways of the world. I was anxious to please my questioner, so made my answers as thorough and explicit as possible. Every topic that had any bearing upon the civilized world, the government, religions, customs, industries, occupations of the people, modes of travel, the arts, dress, even the food products, were all thoroughly discussed.

Erios was silent most of the time, only asking a question at intervals or nodding in affirmation of some of my statements. When at last our talk was finished he lapsed into a profound reverie, leaving me to my own thoughts. Finally he aroused himself, and turning towards me, thoughtfully remarked:

"It is just as has been said, and you are indeed the chosen one. You must know that Dro has declared us an accursed people for reasons you will soon become acquainted with. But that we may not become obliterated without leaving a history of our punishment, He has sent you here, and commanded that I, his obedient servant, should place in your hands the strange story of Pegraleinus. Come with me and I will show you all that remains of the most powerful race of all."

So saying he led me into the right chamber and pressing a knob in the side of the wall, caused a slab of the floor to rise on end. Beneath lay a flight of steps disappearing into the gloom below. Erios lighted one of the lamps and motioning me to follow started down. I went carefully, guided by the flickering light. As we reached the bottom, I glanced around me, peering on right and left to discover what manner of place we were in. Aided by the lamps, Erios succeeded in reaching one of the sides, along which were ranged rows of shelves loaded down with relics of an ancient civilization.

Here was a veritable treasure mine to a student of archaeology, a field of unlimited delight. Had I had my way I would have stopped right here and traced step by step the story of this race. But my guide continued

to advance, and fearful of being left behind, I was forced to postpone my investigations until a more convenient period.

When I came up with Erios I found that he had opened a great chest and was lifting out one of the rolls with which the chest was filled. Unrolling it upon the top of the chest, he carefully rubbed the surface, and holding the lamp near traced with his finger the strange characters, only dimly discerned.

"These tablets contain the history of the ancient race of Sartians. They are now yours: preserve them with good care, prepare them for your people to read, and when you die, destroy them, as they will have served their purpose."

Placing the roll in my hands, Erios made the sign of his religion, and then bowed his head in silent prayer.

Later the chest and its contents were removed to the house which had been placed at my disposal. The manuscripts were hard to read and harder to translate, but incessant toil and unceasing efforts overcame all difficulties. So it was that the strange story of Pegraleinus came into my hands.

[End of Part Two.]

"John Flinn, Coward"

V. R. NICHOLS, '15.

If any one had chanced to be watching the rough and lonesome road which leads to Lone Strike mine, through steep ravines and over rocky points, here and there passing through dense thickets of white thorn or scrub oak, he might have seen the figure of a little man trudging wearily along through the mud. On his feet he wore heavy cowhide boots much the worse for travel, and on his head was what had once been a respectable gray felt hat, but which was now almost black with dirt, and filled with holes. The rest of his body was completely covered with a great army overcoat, the collar of which was turned up until it nearly met the tattered rim of his hat. Under his arm he carried an old violin case and over one shoulder was hung a dirt-stained flour sack.

As he slowly dragged one foot after the other he sighed heavily and muttered to himself. To anyone who might have been listening, the words would have been unintelligible for they were spoken so low that they seemed almost a groan. He walked a short distance further and then seating himself on the end of a log, which lay beside the road, he proceeded to fill and light a short, black pipe, which he fished from one of the spacious pockets of his great coat. When this operation was completed he arose stiffly and resumed his journey.

Just as the whistle at the mine blew for six o'clock and the grimy men came pouring out of the shaft house, the lonely traveler reached the

edge of the clearing, in which the mine stood. The hard climb up the hill had been almost too much for him, for the mine buildings stood high up on the side of "Stony Bluff," some two hundred feet above the plain. His face, no longer muffled in his coat collar, was for the most part covered with a scraggly beard. His nose was small and his mouth weak. The most striking characteristics about his features were his eyes, which were large and brown and looked out at you with the simplicity of a child's. When one gazed into the depths of them he could easily detect a look of fear, as though their owner were afraid of some evil which he did not understand.

The first inhabitant of the camp to discover the stranger was a small urchin who was gathering sticks from the heap of refuse near the shaft. He had no sooner discovered the little man than he shied a stone at him and, dashing off at the top of his speed, entered the shaft house crying, "I saw a funny looking guy over there with some kind of a gun under his arm; I guess he has come to rob the mine." The men looked in the direction pointed out by the youngster, and as the traveler came into sight around the refuse heap, they burst into a loud fit of laughter. They seemed instinctively to recognize in the stranger one who would be the butt of all their rude jokes, and never strike back. Mike Marney, the bully of the camp, shouted to the boy, "What! kid! was ye afraid ave that?" And so saying he strode up to the little man and snatching the old hat from the traveler's head said roughly, "Come now, what's yer name?"

The little man shrank back and the look of fear in his eyes deepened. "Please sir—yes sir," he stammered, "my name is Johnnie Flinn."

"Johnnie Flinn, is it?" cried the bully, "I think it would suit you better if it were 'Johnnie Short.'"

The crowd roared at this as they always did at the bully's jokes. The big Irishman tossed "Johnny Flinn" his hat and said, "Come on, you poor, little scarecrow, and I'll introduce you to the boss." With this he led the way down the trail followed closely by Flinn, while the rest of the grinning company brought up the rear. Marney went straight to the door of the boss's cabin, upon which he knocked loudly.

There was no response for a moment and then a gruff voice answered from the other side of the door, "Say you; what the dickens do you want anyhow?"

The boss had been overseeing the night shift for two weeks, and was very tired in consequence. Marney turned and grinned at the crowd before he answered, "Please come out here, Mr. Feeny, we have some very important business to talk over with you."

The next instant the door opened and the men were facing the boss. He was a tall, heavily built man with a red, brutal face and pale blue eyes. When "Johnnie Flinn" looked up at the boss, he drew back instinctively. But Marney, grabbing him by the collar, said, "This here hunk of nuthin' says his name is Flinn; but I don't believe it," and turning to Flinn, "This here most honorable gent is Boss Feeny, now bow to him." So saying he pressed hard upon the back of Flinn's neck, and seiz-

ing him by the seat of the pants with the other hand, tipped him forward until his heels were high in the air and his nose almost touched the ground. Flinn's pipe dropped from his mouth, but he clung desperately to his violin case. As Marney set Flinn on his feet again the boss said, "That's about enough for you, Marney; I guess this gentleman will find out soon enough who the boss is around here, without any of your fantastic introductions. Come in here," he added, turning to Flinn.

Flinn obeyed mechanically and the door was slammed shut in the face of the crowd.

The boss seated himself before he spoke. "Well," he began, "what do you want of me?"

Flinn twisted around on his chair and laid his violin carefully on the floor before he replied. "You see, sir, I was out of a job over to the lake, and so I started out to find another. Can you give me a little work of some kind?"

"What kind of work is your specialty?" asked the boss.

"I can do most anything," answered Flinn. All the time he was talking his eyes searched the room, with the look of a caged animal trying to find some way of escape.

"Well, you can begin in the morning," said the boss, "and your work will be to make beds, wash dishes and help the cook generally."

"That's all right," said Flinn. As he arose to go he asked, "But where do I sleep?"

"With the cook," replied the boss briefly.

The next day Flinn began his duties. He found the bed-making to be very tedious, and the cook exacting and cross. The days rolled slowly by and the work went on as usual. All the men teased Flinn and played jokes on him. Some of them went farther and became cruel and abusive. They all recognized that he was afraid of them, and consequently they were not slow to torment him.

But here I must go back a few years, and explain why Flinn was a coward. Many years before he was employed on a large building, as an engineer, his duties being to operate the heavy crane used to hoist the heavy timbers. One day while at work the cable used in hoisting became entangled in his overalls, and before he could stop the engine he was swung out into space, head downward. There he hung sixty feet above the earth with nothing between him and certain death but the thin cloth of his overalls. As the cable unwound he slowly descended, screaming at the top of his voice, his free leg and both of his arms waving frantically.

When about twenty feet from the ground the cloth gave way and he fell, striking on his head in a pile of sand. He was picked up unconscious and when he came to he remembered nothing but the awful feeling of fear which made him a coward for the rest of his life.

* * * * *

Three years had passed since the arrival of Flinn at the camp, but the life there for him had not changed. He still helped the cook during the day and at night he would sit upon the edge of his bunk and saw away at

his old violin for hours. During this interval, Marney's wife and small son had come to live at the mine. The boy was five years old, with long, curly, brown hair, pink cheeks and bright blue eyes. He was the pet and darling of the camp, and his big, rough father was very proud of him.

* * * * *

The owner of the mine had ridden up from the lake to inspect his property. He had left his spirited horse to graze at leisure in front of the boss' cabin. Little Charlie Marney, who was playing near by, thought it would be a fine chance for a ride. The horse was grazing beside a high bank, and Charlie, creeping softly along this, slipped quickly into the saddle when the horse's head was down. The animal was frightened by this unexpected occurrence, and raising his head with a snort he dashed off straight towards the mouth of the shaft. At that moment Marney stepped from his cabin door, and the first thing that met his gaze was his small son dashing along to certain death on the back of the flying horse. He started up the trail at the top of his speed, calling loudly for help. His cries brought the boss and the mine owner from the cabin, but they could do nothing to stop that awful race toward death. But someone else had heard Marney's cries.

Flinn, who was in the shaft house, heard the cries for help and running to the door, saw the terrified animal running toward him. He recognized the swaying figure clinging so desperately to the saddle bow, and without a moment's hesitation ran down the trail to meet it. As the horse came near him, he seized the flying reins in both hands and clung to them with all his strength. The horse plunged on, dragging Flinn with him. Nearer and nearer to the open shaft they came. Flinn's weight was beginning to tell on the horse's strength, and at last within five feet of the shaft they came to a stop. The moment the horse stopped the boy rolled off onto the ground, and his father, pale and breathless, picked him up, and kissing him set him down again, and turned to Flinn. He was lying on his back, the reins still clutched tightly in his hands. His head had struck a boulder and he was unconscious.

Marney forced the man's hands open and took the reins from them. Then gathering the limp form in his arms he carried him tenderly down to the cabin, where he met his wife, who had not heard anything of the runaway.

"What has happened?" she gasped when she saw Flinn. "No time to talk now," said her husband, "bring the brandy." He laid Flinn on the bed and finally succeeded in restoring him to consciousness, but it was many days before he was fully himself again. And when he did regain his strength his mind was fully restored to its normal condition, and never again did he feel that terrible, overwhelming sensation of fear. As soon as he was able to see them the whole camp came to visit him, and Marney, as their spokesman, offered him their repentant apology for their mistreatment and abuse, which was gladly accepted.

The Mad Hermit of the Mountains

WM. SWINYER, '14.

Clang! clang! clang! clang! Out upon the still air boomed deep tones of an alarm bell from the watch tower of the prison mines of Altai.

Confusion reigned. Guards rushed everywhere and hoarse shouts and commands rose above the din. Then out through the gates dashed two bloodhounds, followed by a troop of mounted Cossacks and a sleigh drawn by four powerful horses.

In the sleigh sat three men bundled in furs. Two of these wore the uniform of prison officials while the third was evidently a personage of high rank.

This latter individual, who was of commanding appearance, with piercing black eyes, an aquiline nose and waxed imperial, appeared ill at ease.

On dashed the sleigh preceded by the two fierce bloodhounds. The mounted guards were soon outdistanced. Suddenly the hounds were seen to turn towards the mountains.

Count Alexis Godenoff, the man of the waxed imperial, swore savagely under his breath and urged the driver to greater speed.

Arriving at the spot where the dogs had turned aside, the Count and one companion, both heavily armed, left the sleigh and on foot commenced to follow the dogs. Their progress was now necessarily slow. However, they were soon among the foothills.

Presently the dogs were observed to be madly circling near the edge of a precipice.

The Count seeing them cried exultingly, "Ah, ha! Ivan Sabolisky, I have tracked you to the earth at last."

But a surprise was in store for the Count, for when they finally reached the dogs no further trace of the fugitive was to be found.

Upon the arrival of the Cossacks a general search was made without avail.

After a second most careful search it became the general opinion that the prisoner had fallen to his death upon the rocks, thousands of feet below.

Therefore the cavalcade escorted the furious Count back to the mines.

Twenty Years Later.

Upon the glistening coat of snow which covered mother earth shone the yellow rays of a bright, full moon, seeking out every dark nook and corner, while the winds whistled and moaned around the mountain tops and through the valleys.

Despite the noise made by the raging elements there was occasionally heard, during a lull, peculiar sounds, which rose and fell—now a note ascending skyward, now one that seemed to come from the depths below,

now bursting into a rollicking tune and then dying down to some sad and melancholy strain.

Whence come these weird sounds? Not the wind, surely, but what, then? Ah, now I see.

High on a mountain top stands a tall, impressive old man with long white hair and in tattered garments. Cradled under his chin is a violin and as he draws the bow across the strings his body sways and his white hair streams out far behind.

At last with a sigh he drops the violin to his side and stands immovable, with head erect, and stares vacantly out into space.

Suddenly his face becomes distorted with rage and his body shakes with passion. Raising his clenched hand high above his head he cries out, "Now that my chance for revenge has come, Count Godenoff, I shall seize it. My first blow will be swift and terrible for I will strike you through your son. But that is not all, by no means all! We shall see, Count, that for my years of suffering and oblivion you shall pay tenfold."

A cloud now slowly obscured the face of the moon, during which time the "Mad Hermit" disappeared.

* * * * *

The brilliant lights of the Royal Theater at Moscow shone on an aristocratic assemblage of people leaving the evening performance. Light-hearted chatting and low-voiced laughter from the various groups made the scene pleasant and agreeable.

In the center of one of these groups stood a vivacious young woman. By her side stood a tall, handsome, powerful looking young man, to whom she would occasionally address a remark. You would at once perceive that there was a striking resemblance between him and our old friend, Count Alexis Godenoff.

"Come, Olga," said the young man at last, "it is time we were leaving for home."

Madam Godenoff thereupon said farewell to her friends and was assisted into the sleigh by her husband.

"Home, Boris," commanded the young man as he followed.

An elaborately dressed, clean shaven old gentleman who had been standing near looked vacantly around as though striving to recall something that had slipped his mind. One of his hands was in his overcoat pocket, which seemed to be filled with a bulky substance.

"I never was told that he had a wife. Who can she be? Who can she be? I have sometime in my life seen her, yet I cannot place her."

Then suddenly, as if his mind had recalled something forgotten, he jumped into a sleigh beside him and commanded the driver in a low, fierce tone, "Follow that sleigh, but do not let them become aware of it."

The driver whipped up his ponies and they were off after the receding sleigh.

Now that he was idle for the moment his mind reverted to the beautiful young woman.

"Who can she be? Who can she be?" The question kept repeating itself in his mind.

At last he was aroused by his fingers touching that cold mysterious "something" in his overcoat pocket.

The demon within him was again awakened and he became a perfect devil. Leaning forward he cried hoarsely to the driver, "Your fortune is made if we catch up with that sleigh." Then he leaned back and drew from his pocket the bulky object. The rays of a street lamp revealed it to be a bomb.

By this time he had worked himself into a perfect frenzy. His eyes were glazed, his nostrils distended and his lips drawn back, showing his teeth in a wolfish grin as he contemplated the article in his hand.

"Ah, my little darling, you will do your work well to-night, won't you? You little dear! Some day, not very far distant, the Count will receive your brother from his old friend, the Mad Hermit. Ha! ha! right well may they call me the Mad Hermit, and on this day I will prove myself worthy of the name." He raised the bomb to his lips and whispered savagely, "Number one."

His sleigh was now just behind the first one and he raised his hand to fling the bomb.

Just then, before his eyes drifted the image of the beautiful woman. Something snapped in his brain and a light dawned upon him. "My God! She is the picture of my wife. It is my daughter and I was about to kill her," he groaned hoarsely. "She has married my worst enemy's son. Oh, God! Could the fates have played me worse?" he said miserably.

The bomb lay on the seat unobserved.

The driver turned around inquiringly and said, "Monsiuer, we have caught up."

He awakened from the lethargy into which he had fallen and said, mournfully, "Drive to the station."

Then to himself, "May my daughter never know," he added, sorrowfully.

His daughter, unconscious of the peril she had escaped, continued her way, chatting in a light-hearted manner with her husband.

* * * * *

Down in a little valley stands a cabin. A faint glow suffuses the one room, caused by the dying embers in the fireplace.

Before it sits an old man in a huddled heap, with bent head, the shadows playing across his white hair. To his breast is clasped an old violin. The figure does not move. No, he will never move, for he is dead. Just then the spark goes out and the room is left in darkness.

Woods Used in Our Cabinet Shop

ARTHUR JANSSEN, '13.

Have you ever stopped to realize how dependent our civilization is on wood supplies? There is hardly a utensil, a tool or even a machine of which wood has not been a part, were it only to furnish the handle, the mold or the pattern.

The forest furnished the plow handle and harrow-frame to aid in cultivation, parts of the machinery used in harvesting the crops; of the wagons to bring them to market; and even of the ships which carry these products to foreign ports.

Our many miles of railroads which are opening up our country to civilization, are built on wooden ties which represent acres of forests.

Many of our cars, which carry freight and passengers, and even the telegraph poles, which are needed to keep in communication with distant parts, all rely upon the one thing, wood.

We shall now compare wood, in regard to its commercial values, with other materials. In the combination of strength, stiffness, elasticity and its usual light weight, wood excels all known materials; while the cubic foot of iron or steel weighs about four hundred and fifty (450) pounds, the average weight of wood hardly exceeds thirty (30) pounds, and, taking it in comparison to the weight, the wood is the stronger.

Another way in which wood is superior to metals is that it is easily worked, its shape is practically permanent, it is a non-conductor of heat, and is used in preference to other materials where these qualities are needed.

We will now see what our harder woods are used for, where they are found, and how the rough boards are made into beautiful pieces of furniture, and into interior finishings of our homes.

In our cabinet shop, where the art of cabinet making is taught in every detail, such hardwoods are used, as white, red and yellow cedar, red and white oak, mahogany, prima-vera, poplar, sycamore and walnut.

We use white cedar mostly for the inside work of drawers for chiffoniers, dressers, and cedar chests; as this wood retains a peculiar odor which keeps away the moths, it is invaluable for such uses.

Red and white oak are used for making such furniture as library tables, music cabinets, bookcases and racks, and are the two kinds of oak used mostly in the cabinet shop. There are many other species of oak, which have no value except as firewood.

Mahogany, which we prize highly, is used for the making of high-class furniture. It is brown in color, nicely grained, easily polished and is durable, excepting under lateral strain. This wood was in abundance in the West Indies, growing on the mountain sides at an altitude of fifteen hundred feet above the sea level, but on account of its great demand it is now scarce. Cuba and San Domingo formerly supplied the choicest, and

Honduras the lower grades, but now our greater supply comes from Central America. The tree itself reaches a height exceeding one hundred (100) feet, and is usually six feet in diameter.

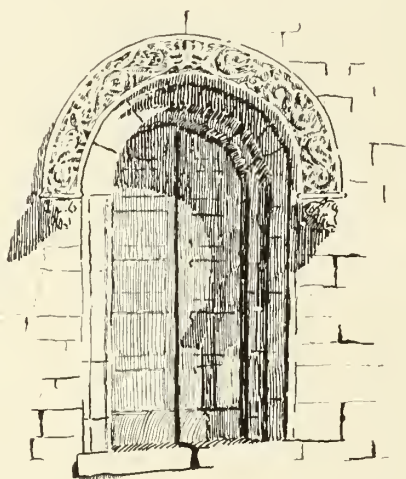
The poplar wood, of which there are about twenty-five species, is widely distributed in the Northern Hemisphere from the subtropical regions to the limits of vegetation. This tree is of medium size and grows very quickly. The wood is softer than most hardwoods and is not used to such a great extent. We use it mostly for interior work, for furniture, artists' models, and other minor uses.

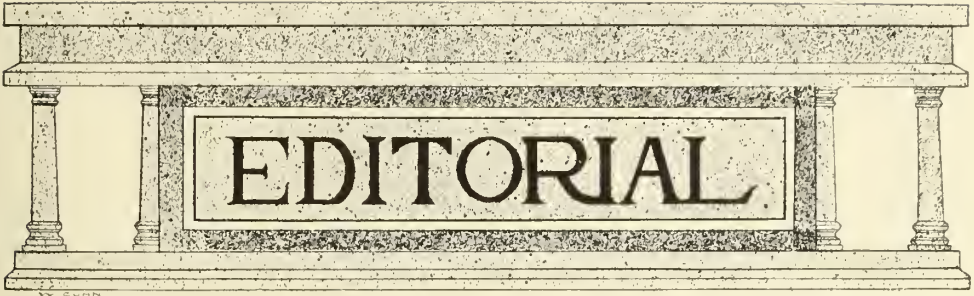
Another wood which is classed with our prized mahogany is primavera. This wood comes from Mexico and is in reality white mahogany. Its grain, which is the most beautiful of all wood, takes a magnificent polish. Expensive sets are made of this wood.

Let us now consider the walnut, the favorite wood of twenty-five years ago, which then grew all over the eastern part of the United States and the Mississippi Valley. But the demand exceeded the growth and now it is one of the high-priced woods on the market.

There are a number of other hardwoods which are not in common use, such as Oregon ash, which comes from the webfoot State; birch from Michigan and Wisconsin, Spanish cedar from the tropical part of the American continent, ebony from Africa, hickory from the Mississippi Valley, ironbark from Australia, laurel from California, rosewood from Brazil, and teak from Siam.

Of the number of hardwoods mentioned the United States produces the greatest variety of any country in the world.





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W. METCALF, '14 - - - - - Artist
FRED HAMMARSTROM, '12 - - - - - Artist
MUNTJE - - - - - Manager's Staff

Entered as second-class matter May 31, 1911, at the postoffice at San Francisco, Cal., under Act of March 3, 1879.

Published quarterly by the students of the Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts, Sixteenth and Utah streets, San Francisco.

Copies of this issue will be forwarded to any address in the United States upon receipt of 25 cents.

Subscription price \$1.00 per year.

The recent election in San Francisco was a triumph not alone for good government, but for civic decency and all that good citizenship stands for. Mr. Rolph was not elected by one party, but by members of all parties, and therefore represents the people more completely than they have ever been represented. San Francisco has been and is now passing through a crisis, morally, industrially and financially. The election of Mr. Rolph was the first step toward better conditions, thanks to the voters who hold the good of all above the prejudice of party, and we are looking forward to an ever brightening future.

Mr. Rolph in his inaugural address laid down three principles on which, he said, depended the success of his administration, namely: common hon-

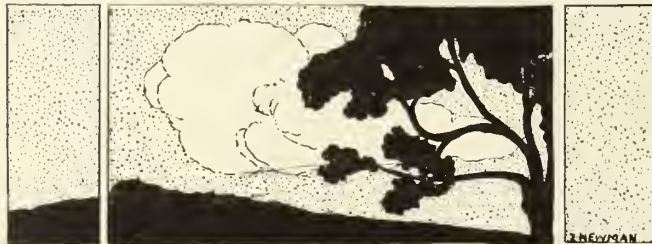
esty, common sense, and results; and these three principles underlie all successful government, whether of home, school, city or country.

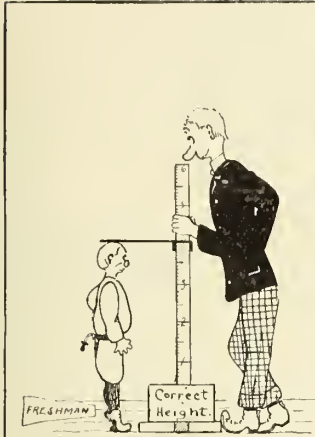
Our high school days mark a crisis in our lives—the passing from boyhood and girlhood to manhood and womanhood, from the irresponsibility of youth to the responsibility of maturity. It will be only a few short years at most before the business, education and government of this great commonwealth will rest on our shoulders, and if we are not prepared, the burden will be too heavy and we will fail. The fundamental principle on which our government is founded is the principle of good citizenship. The characters we form in our high school days and the habits which contribute to their building will remain with us through life. The kind of citizens we will become in after years depends largely on what we are now.

Here in our high school we have the opportunity of learning the principles of self-government and good citizenship through the medium of our system of student control. We have one of the most liberal systems of student control in the city of San Francisco. We have full power to regulate all student affairs, outside the regular prescribed school work. We are given one-fourth day out of every school week in which to hold our meetings and attend to the various other affairs connected with the student activities. The faculty are always willing to advise and ready to back us in every worthy enterprise.

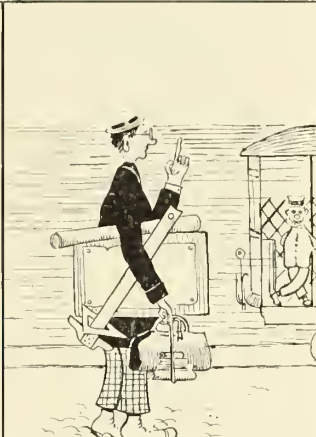
When privileges of such inestimable importance are placed within our reach it is not only our right but our duty to grasp them and use them in making ourselves citizens in the highest, truest sense of the word. When the youth of our country awake to the fact that good character is one of the highest assets of citizenship, corruption will cease and not before. Remember that the future depends on us, and what we will be depends on what we are making ourselves now.

Owing to the receipt of several adverse criticisms of our October and March issues, we feel it our duty to explain that it has always been and is still our policy to allow the younger and less experienced writers a chance to see their contributions in print in the above issues, thereby giving them encouragement for better work.

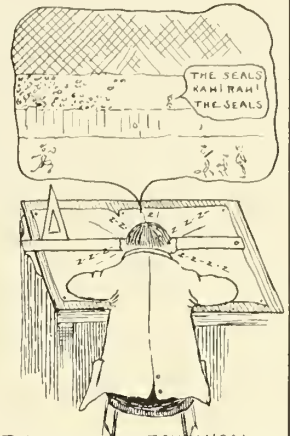




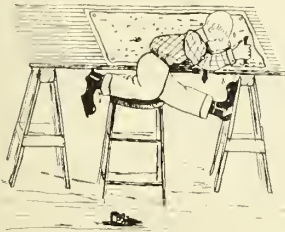
BOYLES "HYTOMETER."



JANSSEN HAS A HARD TIME WITH THE P-A-Y-E CAR.



RUDOLPH IN MECHANICAL.



HANSELL'S HARDEST TASK IS TO ERASE INK BLOTS



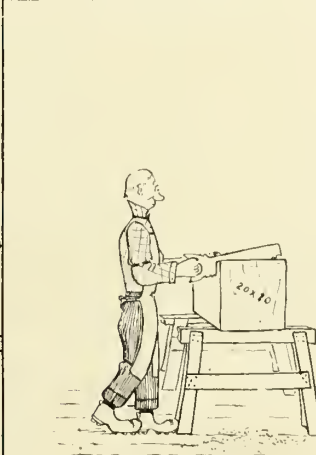
JORGESON AT 9 AM 6 BLOCKS FROM SCHOOL



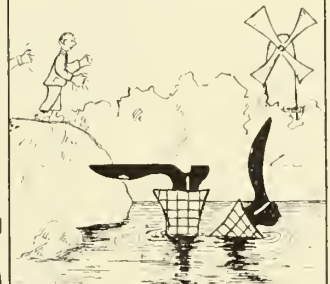
PEABODY COLLECTING CLASS DUES



MARITZEN DESCENDING FROM THE '8-15'

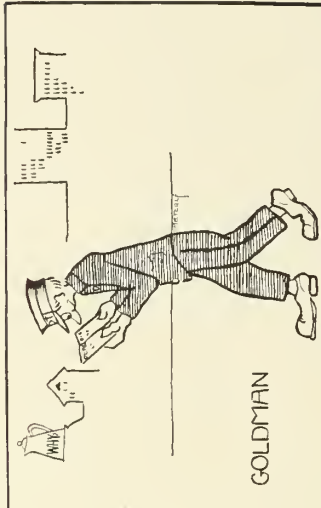
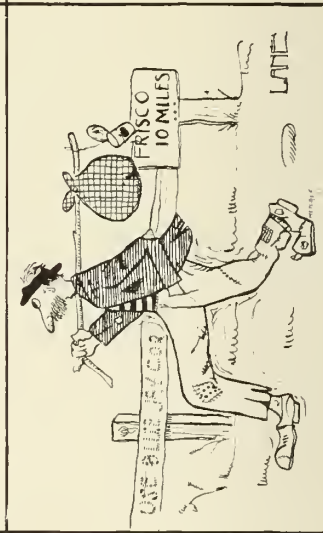
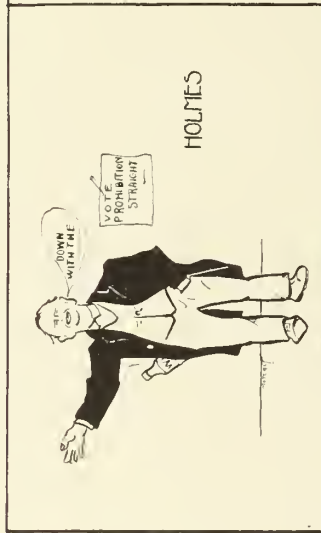
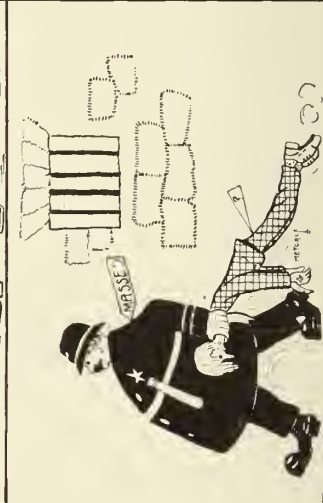
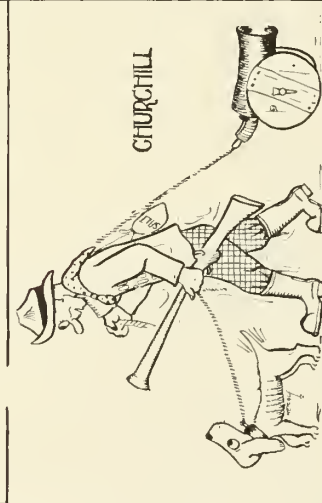
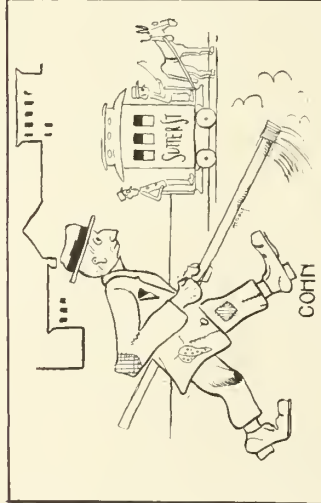


FOREMAN ZECHER



FINIS

AFTER LIFE



SCHOOL

NOTES



We extend a hearty welcome to Miss Bell, who has recently returned. Her assistance, especially to the staff artists, is greatly appreciated by the boys.

One of the most important events of this term is the organization of a Debating Society. Several years ago there was an active debating club in the school, but since that was disbanded, nothing further has been done in that line. Since debating is a student activity and as it offers benefits to students who do not participate in athletics, it should be assured permanence in the form of an active club, assisted by the Student Body as a whole. So bear a hand, fellows, and give this new enterprise a good start; see to it that it is kept active, and that it has all the advantages afforded to any other activity.

We are pleased to see that the orchestra has been reorganized. Good music is an inducement to students to attend meetings and assures proper entertainment at socials and games. Our previous experience with the orchestra has been extremely pleasant.

The class in strength of materials, under supervision of Mr. Christensen, spent a pleasant and instructive afternoon at the University. The testing machine was the object of the visit. Mr. Christensen has always been active in securing practical work and problems for the students. The practical side of education is becoming more and more important in the eyes of many eminent educators, who are endeavoring to introduce that system in the schools.

"The stove pipe. Rah! Rah! Rah! 'The stove pipe." No, it was not a plug hat, but a real, black, sooty piece of stove pipe. It happened at the Wilmerding-Lowell basketball game in the Y. M. H. A. Hall. On the Lowell side of the hall stood the black stove pipe, frowning its displeasure at the intrusion upon its peace. As the game proceeded it became greatly excited and before long made an effort to cross the hall to the Wilmerding section, seeing that fortune had smiled upon that school's team. The result was disastrous to the stove pipe and also to those in its proximity.

Yells, yells, yells, and more yells. It was good to hear them. It is some time since we have had good yell practice at the Student Body's. But

that is not all; on Thursday a rally was held for yelling practice, Yell Leaders Gibbs and Turnbull presiding. As the basketball season has just opened, it is important that a good rooting section be developed.

Two cups won by the school were exhibited at the Student Body on January 11. Gibbs gave an interesting talk on the winning of the cups. One is held through the efforts of the relay bicycle team in competition with Lick. The other was won at a field meet in Healdsburg. Mr. Yount, a member of the '03 class, spoke on the winning of the relay races held while he was at school. He also mentioned the necessity of sticking to one's trade. It's a good principle to follow a course once adopted and keep to it. You can't fail if you do.

The baseball has taken the place of the basketball on the oval, and Mr. Wirt is on hand to assist the boys in practicing. We are indeed fortunate in having a teacher so interested in athletics.

The freehand students have been afforded an opportunity to learn metal work. Mr. Hans Jannsen, who is one of the best metal workers in this country, intends opening a class in chasing and repoussé for the benefit of the Lick and Wilmerding students. He exhibited some of his work at this school. Mr. Hans Jannsen came from Germany to this country to prepare an altar piece for Pierpont Morgan, on which he worked for two years. He has spent some time in traveling over this country. His ability is partly hereditary, as his family are considered fine metal workers in his own country. One of the finest pieces of his work was a model of the Chartres Cathedral made in copper and only eight inches in height. The detail work was perfect and showed great skill on the part of the designer and executer.

CAMERA CLUB NOTES.

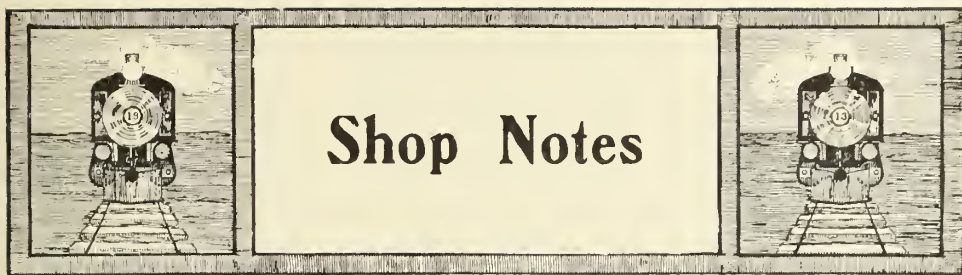
R. KLUVER, '12.

This year began well in the Camera Club and the outlook for the future is exceptionally bright. At the close of last term a meeting was held for the election of officers and the following were elected: R. Kluver, President; G. Turnbull, Vice-President; H. Abrahams, Secretary, and Miss Fuller, Treasurer.

Beginning with the new year the club decided to give to members all chemicals necessary for developing and fixing films and paper. This new attraction proved very successful in drawing new members, among which are quite a few Freshmen.

In the near future, when the weather is more favorable for taking good photographs, an outing will be arranged and a competition will follow.

Considering that few photographs are taken in the winter months one thinks that little work would be done in the club, but it is just the opposite, and there is seldom a time when one can enter the dark-room and not find someone else anxiously awaiting the outcome of some view or portrait he has taken.



ARCHITECTURAL DRAWING.

All of the Architectural students have been working hard and faithfully since the beginning of the term.

Holmes and Lassell have begun work on their Class "A's," Goldman, Hynes, Hildebrandt, Hansell and Stephen have nearly completed their Class "C's," and soon will start designing Class "A" buildings. Boyle, Hammerstrom and Maritzen are doing good work on their Class "C's." Lloyd and Nelson are working on their shades and shadows. Jorgeson, Newman, Sosso and Turnbull are working on their suburbans. Cohn, Hintelman, Janssen, Jacobsen, Ott, Rudolph and Sahlein are on their originals. Abrams, Junker and Zwierlein are on steel construction. Many of the second-year boys are working on their orders and plates. The Freshmen are hard at work on their sheets, which include the development and construction of many difficult geometric problems.

BRICK SHOP.

The wet season has stopped all brick work on the new building. Now that the weather has become somewhat settled the new boys are preparing scaffolds and rigging for work in earnest. Beyond a general theory of bricklaying and cement construction the new class of boys have had practically no experience in laying bricks so far this term. Mr. Werson and his new boys are now building a large brick vault for the Sartorius Company. Mr. Werson is pleased with his new class of boys, and he expects them to accomplish a great deal from now until the end of the term.

CABINET SHOP.

The humming of machinery and the buzzing of saws never ceases in the cabinet shop. Zecher has just finished a dandy mahogany music cabinet. MacMurray is doing some fine work on a prima-vera writing desk. Groth is making a cabinet of white cedar. Rademacher is repairing a desk for Miss Otto of the Lick School. Stone is working on the models for the University of California. Kerr, Brown, Hardy and Brett are working on fifty boxes for the University of California. Hunt is making a cellerette and hat rack of oak. Lutgen and Nichols are working on the construction of a sixty-draw cabinet for the freehand drawing room of the Lick School. Hemminway and Colton have started to make tabourets of oak. The new boys are making various joints and soon they will have them completed.

CARPENTER SHOP.

Owing to the wet weather the boys in the carpenter shop have been unable to work on the new building. Gibbs, Hoy and Kelley are now hard at work preparing the different kinds and sizes of lumber to be used on the construction of the roof on the west wing of the building. Turnbull and Rankin have recently completed a dandy set of stair posts which will be used in the building. Gibbs has just finished a set of one hundred lockers which are used for the night classes in blacksmithing. Welch and Traube are completing a new lavatory for the new building. Rankin and Turnbull are now working on the construction of twelve new carpenter benches which will eventually be used in the new carpenter shop. The new fellows are a busy lot, and many of them are building small model roofs and trusses.

ELECTRICAL SHOP.

Everyone in the Electrical shop is hard at work. Kluver and Hagan have just completed the installment of electric lights in the blacksmith shop of the new building. Gladding and Grimmerstein are installing the automatic bell ring in the Lick School. The gongs, used for the new bells, were cast in the foundry department of the Lick School. They are equal in tone to any of the standard bells on the market. Dieffenbacker is doing some neat work on his steam engine. Reichold is making an electric furnace, to be used in the chemistry laboratory of the Lick School. The Sendy brothers are wiring the new office of the Sartorius Company. Velisaratos has just completed the winding and banding of the armature in the generator at the Lick School. Meyers, Sublette and Reichold are working on the construction of a large switch board. The familiar noise of chipping blocks has again been heard, but now nearly all of the new boys are finishing them. The second-year boys are working on bells, relays, annunciator drops and medical coils.

PLUMBING SHOP.

The plumbing shop is full of life. Roberts and Nichols are working on the construction of a new lavatory for the Sartorius Company, in the Lick School. The new boys are covering the new office of the Sartorius with imitation brick of galvanized iron. Massed has recently set fixtures in several of the rooms in the Orphan Boys' Home on Utah and Eighteenth streets. Peabody and Vane are starting on the "roughing in work" of the new building. Coleman is estimating the cost of the plumbing work in one of the new public school buildings. Farley and several of the new boys are working hard on the tin work on the roof of the new building. Buick, McLoughlin and Roberts are wiping joints of various kinds and sizes. Wallace has recently completed the covering of a fireproof door with tin. The new boys are working hard on their exercises and models of tin.

Athletics

BASKETBALL.

The basketball season opened in earnest last term and a successful interclass series was run off. The Senior class was victorious. The team has played several practice games arranged by Manager Goldman, winning a majority of them. Captain Hildebrandt is well satisfied with the material. The team that will play in the league games will be composed of Hildebrandt, Gibbs, Massed, Hynes, Cohn, Holmes and Asher.

Wilmerding 36, Lowell 20.

The first league game of the series was played on Thursday evening, January 18, 1912. The feature of the game was the fast and snappy team work. Massed starred for the home team by annexing 18 points; Gibbs also played good ball, making 12 points. The score at the end of the first half was 21 to 6 in our favor. The second half was one of fast playing from start to finish.

Wilmerding 32, Lick 16.

The Wilmerding basketball team succeeded in defeating their old rivals and won the Division B of the A. A. L. basketball series. This gives them the right to play Cogswell for the championship.

It was a hard-fought game from the first sound of the whistle until the ending of the second half. The end of the first half the score stood 11 to 6 in our favor.

The second half was started with two field goals for our opponents. But the team rallied in the latter part of the game, and with the good playing of Massed scored two field goals. Massed starred for the team with 16 points to his credit. Hildebrandt played a good game, also Cohn and Hynes, keeping their men well guarded throughout the game.

BASEBALL.

A baseball meeting was held. Bing Hynes was elected captain and MacMurray manager. Practice was started last term and several games were played. The veterans from last year's team that will play are Hildebrandt, Lane, Cohn, Hynes and Rudolph. With the services of Mr. Wirt a good team is expected to be developed.

TRACK.

The prospects for track among the old boys are not very good this year, so there is a chance for development of new material. The Freshmen are taking a hold in the track work and are contemplating arranging a dual track meet with the Lick Freshmen. This will be a good start for the new track men. The track men that competed in the meet last year now in school are Kluver, Gibbs, Cohn and Scotchie Turnbull.

Who's Who at Wilmerding

WILMERDING STUDENT BODY,

Organized October, 1906.

President, F. HOLMES.

Vice-President, G. HYNES.

Secretary, J. PEABODY.

Treasurer, W. WIRT.

Yell Leader, F. GIBBS.

Historian, E. NICHOLS.

BOARD OF CONTROL,

Organized October, 1906.

President, G. HYNES.

Secretary, J. PEABODY.

'12 Class—GIBBS.

'13 Class—COHN.

HILDEBRANDT.

SAHLIEN.

'14 Class—GROTH.

'15 Class—LANE.

MacMURRAY.

MAAS.

WILMERDING LIFE,

Started December, 1903.

EditorE. NICHOLS.

Assistant Editor.....H. SOSSO.

School Notes.....H. SOSSO.

ExchangesF. HOLMES.

Shop Notes.....J. PEABODY.

AthleticsG. TURNBULL.

ArtistW. METCALF.

ArtistF. HAMMERSTROM.

Business Manager.....J. MacMURRAY.

Assistant Manager.....A. MUNTHE.

Who's Who at Wilmerding

WILMERDING DEBATING SOCIETY,

Organized February, 1912.

President, L. WERTHEIMER.

Secretary, E. NICHOLS.

WILMERDING CAMERA CLUB,

Organized November, 1904.

President, R. KLUVER.

Vice-President, G. TURNBULL.

Secretary, H. ABRAHAMS.

Treasurer, MISS J. N. BELL.

WILMERDING ORCHESTRA.

I. SUGARMAN, Leader and Manager.

BASKET-BALL TEAM.

Captain, C. HILDEBRANDT.

Manager, A. GOLDMAN.

BASEBALL TEAM.

Captain, G. HYNES.

Manager, J. MacMURRAY.

TRACK TEAM.

Captain, F. GIBBS.

Manager, G. TURNBULL.

SWIMMING TEAM.

F. GIBBS, Captain and Manager.

GROUND'S AND PROPERTY COMMITTEE.

J. MacMURRAY.

G. HYNES, Chairman.

C. HILDEBRANDT.



The Oak, Berkeley, Cal.—Your weeklies are very interesting and contain good literary work and good advice in the editorials. We are glad to note the lack of ads. in your student-printed paper.

The Tiger, S. F., Cal.—The interior of your journal attracts attention as being one of the most carefully arranged papers that we have received this quarter. Your josh column is good, but would be better with fewer “adapted” jokes. Your cover appears to us as being very appropriate for a Christmas issue.

The Review, Lowell, Mass.—The issue of December 1911 is an improvement upon your past, but why not separate the literary department from the editorials? We also notice the lack of a table of contents. “Fair Exchange Is No Robbery” is a good story, the interest being held to the last and the climax comes at the right moment.

The School Herald, San Jose, Cal.—Your four-page weekly is very newsy and is certainly the best weekly we have received. If you publish a larger magazine we would be pleased to receive one.

The Scribe, Oakland, Cal.—On the whole yours is a neat paper. The stories are good, but can you not do something to develop this department? A more elaborate contents page would add much interest.

The Adjutant, San Rafael, Cal.—We are glad to get the *Adjutant* on our exchange list. Your material, especially the literary department, will stand improvement. We enjoyed reading “Paying the Penalty” because of its well-laid plot.

The Review, Sacramento, Cal.—We certainly agree with you on the idea of a permanent cover. Your literature is good, but give each department a separate page. We do not approve of the ads. which are scattered through your material from page twenty to twenty-nine.

The Ocean Breeze, Aberdeen, Wash.—The editorials of your well-arranged paper are very good. The departments are complete in every respect. “The Gore and Glory of Football” is extremely good and depicts the players in an interesting manner.

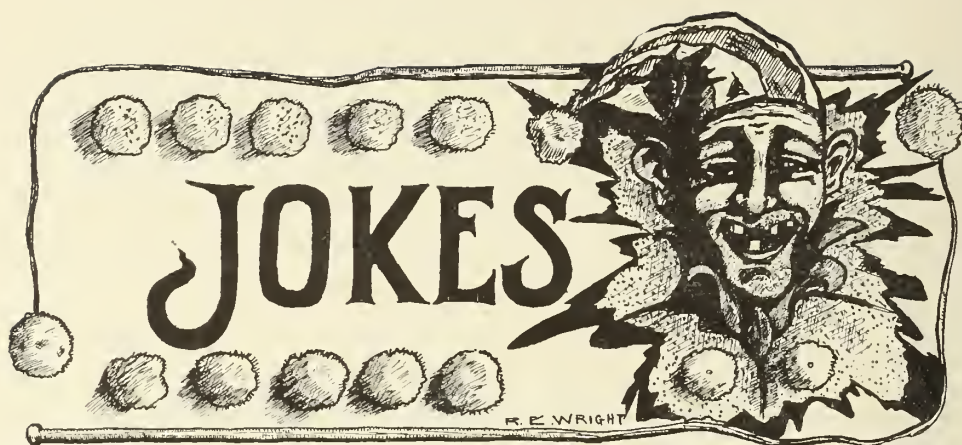
The Echo, Santa Rosa, Cal.—A very clever magazine with the best variety of material that we have read this year. Your exchange editor is to be congratulated on his good criticisms, which if heeded would undoubtedly bring about good results.

High School Argus, Harrisburg, Pa.—November and December 1911. Both issues contain good material, but the ads. in the front of your book subtract much praise. We recommend a separate contents page. Do something to increase your exchange department.

Olla Podrida, Berkeley, Cal.—We were greatly surprised to find the table of contents missing in such a praiseworthy magazine. Athletics is written in an interesting manner and your josh column ranks next to athletics for a classy department.

The Guard and Tackle, Stockton, Cal.—You are still up to your standard in every department.





MECHANICS.

Zecher's Law of Speed: If you lift a block weighing 1 pound, 1 foot in the air, it equals 1 pound of footwork; therefore, the amount of footwork varies inversely to the speed.

Mr. Christensen to a "left over" from Lick—Can you give the functions of angle A?

"Sure."

Mr. C.—What is the sine?

"I don't know."

Mr. C.—I guess that is why you are here.

A freshman ran into Kelley as he was coming out of the locker-room. Kelley—You scrubs ought to have more sense than to bother a sophomore; go through the transom.

Freshie to Lozier—Give us a handful of sheet metal shavings.

Mr. L.—What do you want them for?

Freshie—Why, to fill the holes in the block I am chipping in electrical, of course.

Stranger—Here, hold my horse a minute.

Lloyd—I'm no servant. My father's a supervisor.

Stranger—Never mind, you look honest.

IN DETTLING'S.

"That's my order."

"Why, a young man ordered this."

"Well, I'm his grandson."

Weber had been to the Australian islands, and on being asked to give a description of the inhabitants, said: "Manners none, customs worse than none, and costumes less than none."

A freshman in the Brick Shop wanted to get off for a period to go home, but had cold feet about asking; so he said: "Mr. Werson, may I go——"

Mr. W.—Go where?

Freshman (thoroughly scared)—and get a drink of water?

Mr. Wirt (to Scovel in Math.)—What do you get for the answer?

Scovel—Seven.

Mr. W.—I didn't ask your age.

Freshie to Sophomore in Plumbing—Say, how can I shrink this tin elbow. It's $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch too big.

Soph.—Set in water over night.

Next day. Freshie—Why, this elbow has been in water for 14 hours and hasn't shrunk even a 1-32-inch yet.

First Tramp—Which line of athletics do you follow?

Second Ditto—Track!

Extracts from the contributions of some eminent authors:

"I saw five wild Indians beckoning me to follow them. Since escape was useless, I obeyed. They led me into an open space about four feet square. Here the five of us sat down."

"After traveling for five weeks we reached the home of the Indians. I soon perceived that I was to be cooked and eaten, so catching a horse,

FOR FORTY
YEARS
THE LEADERS
IN
HARDWOOD

WHITE BROTHERS

5th and Brannan



THE LARGEST
STOCK OF
HARDWOODS IN
THE WEST

LUMBER
FLOORING
PANELS
ETC.

made my escape. In three days I was out of the woods and very nearly at the point where I had been captured."

"I came upon the track of a caravan. By hard walking I succeeded in coming upon it as it was camping on the Sacramento River."

"And taking off my shoes to make less noise, I swiftly followed the deer. After a prolonged chase I succeeded in capturing him."

"The king started out hunting on a summer morning in 1701, only taking a servant to carry his gun and shells."

"In the far distance an eagle was sighted. Calling for his gun, the king spurred forward. Taking careful aim the king fired. The eagle fluttered and then fell. When he was picked up it was found that the wound had only broken his wing; so the king took him home to mend the wing."

"The Southern Pacific will after Mr. Dodge soon for constructing an Electric Railroad."

At Tamalpais Rudolph had three strikes called on him, but still did not leave the plate; so Umpire Kelly said: "Say, do you want another strike because this is leap year?"

Mr. Iredale—While Mr. Woods is out of the room I will tell you a few of my experiences in plumbing with architects.

Student—Going to tell us about the hot-air system?

Mr. I.—No, that's coming when Mr. Woods gets back.

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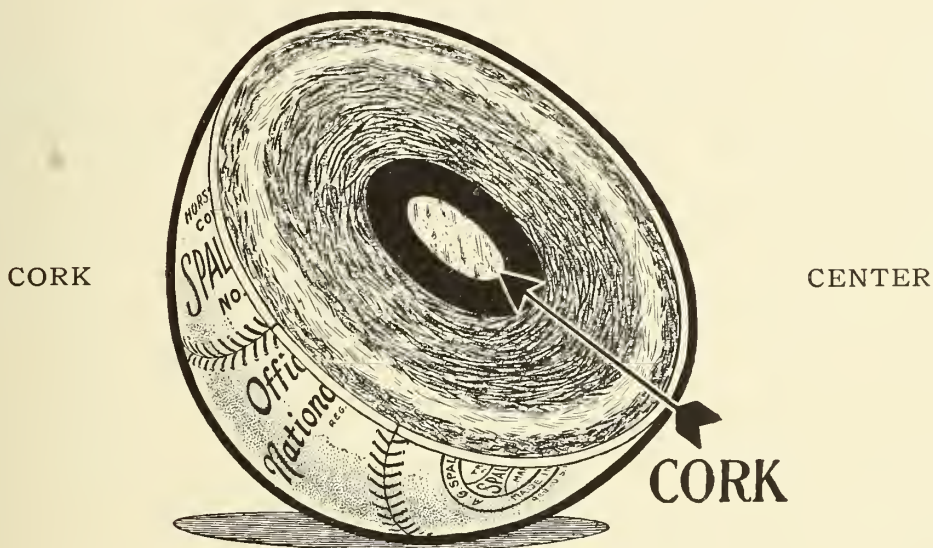
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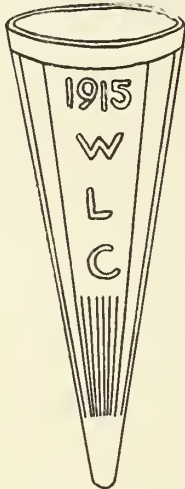
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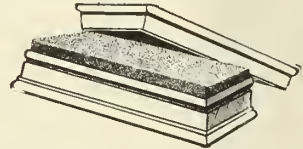
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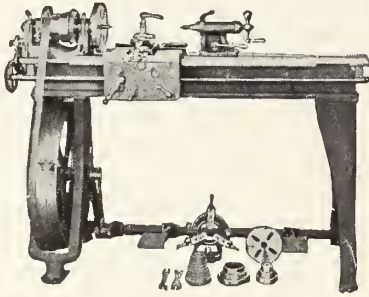
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